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SUPERMAN STARRING IN ACTION COMICS®

GUEST-STARRING THE HEROES OF DC PAST!

CAVE CARSON!
CONGORILLA!
SUICIDE SQUAD!
ANIMAL MAN!
RIP HUNTER-TIME MASTER!
IMMORTAL MAN!
SEA DEVILS!
DOLPHIN!

FRANK MILLER'S RONIN™ THE POSTER.
DON'T MISS IT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, 447 8TH AVENUE, IN THE HEART OF METROPOLIS' SUICIDE SLUM, BEGAN ITS IRREVOCABLE COLLAPSE.

ALTHOUGH CONDEMNED AND TECHNICALLY ABANDONED, THE BUILDING STILL PROVIDED SHELTER FOR MORE THAN TWO DOZEN CITY DWELLERS ON WHOM LUCK HAS NEVER SHONE.

TWO DOZEN OF METROPOLIS' MOST NEEDY WHO MIGHT HAVE PERISHED WERE IT NOT FOR THE TIMELY AID OF--

SUPERMAN

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PLEASE *HURRY!* THOSE OF YOU WHO CAN WALK HELP THOSE WHO CAN'T!

ANOTHER TIME! ANOTHER DEATH!

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I'VE FLOWN BY THIS BUILDING A *DOZEN* TIMES AND NEVER CONSIDERED PEOPLE MIGHT BE LIVING IN SUCH *SQUALID* SURROUNDINGS...

...WHILE LESS THAN *THREE* BLOCKS AWAY STAND SOME OF THE CITY'S MOST *EXCLUSIVE* LUXURY APARTMENTS.

INEQUITIES ARE SO *UNFAIR.* THOSE WHO *HAVE* KEEP ON ACQUIRING *MORE*--

--WHILE THOSE WHO *NEVER* HAVE ONLY CONTINUE TO SUFFER.

WELL, THEY WON'T HAVE TO SUFFER IN THIS *RAT-TRAP* ANY LONGER--

--THOUGH WHAT MAY HAVE BEEN *HELL* TO THESE POOR SOULS--

--MAY PROVE A HEAVEN-SENT *BOON* TO A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE ABOUT TO BE *DELUGED* BY AN OVERFLOWING RIVER...

...SIMPLY BY TURNING A DECOMPOSING *JUNKPILE* INTO A VERY USEFUL *DAM!*

AND, MOMENTS LATER, 447 8TH AVENUE FINDS ITSELF HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD, SAVING AN ENTIRE VILLAGE FROM OBLITERATION...

...WHILE, IN METROPOLIS...

THESE *ROOTS* ARE WHAT HASTENED THE BUILDING'S COLLAPSE--

--BY CUTTING THROUGH ITS *FOUNDATION*.

TROUBLE IS, THIS IS A COMPLETE *ANOMALY* -- THESE ROOTS ARE DEFINITELY *PREHISTORIC*.

THERE'S NO WAY THE SEEDS WHICH GERMINATED THEM COULD *POSSIBLY* BE SURVIVING TODAY.

WELL, I DON'T MIND ADMITTING I'M *STUMPED*. MAYBE I CAN FIGURE IT OUT AT THE *FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE*.

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT. BUT THEN, HOW COULD HE?

I'VE PROVIDED NOTHING HE CAN POSSIBLY CONNECT WITH *VANDAL SAVAGE!*

SIR, I'VE COMPLETED THE *TESTS*.

AND THE *RESULTS*--?

EVERYTHING IS IN *POSITION*.

SUPERMAN IS ALMOST A *FULL CARRIER*.

THE DISEASE WE'VE INFECTED HIM WITH WILL SOON TAKE HIM OVER COMPLETELY.

AND ONCE IT DOES, DR. CRUISE-- HE WILL BE *MINE!*

HE AND HIS WORLD WILL BELONG TO *ME!*

HAHAHAHAHA

SOMEWHERE ON THE WESTERN COAST OF THE UNITED STATES...

I CERTAINLY DON'T MIND A FREE *VACATION*, BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW *WHY* I'VE BEEN INVITED.

I AGREE. AND I'D SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME WE ALL *LEARNED* THE TRUTH.

FEEL SO...STRANGE HERE.

SO... FAR FROM THE... WATER.

WILL... *DOLPHIN*... BE HERE... LONG?

AFRAID SO, LADY. Y'SEE, THE FATE OF THE *WORLD* RESTS IN OUR HANDS!

A WORLD I WANTED TO *FORSAKE!*

WE'VE ALL ACCEPTED OUR *TRASEDIES* IN DIFFERENT WAYS, CAVE.

BUT I AGREE. IT'S ABOUT TIME TO *LEVEL* WITH OUR NEWFOUND FRIENDS.

WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS --HOW'D YOU KNOW ABOUT *ME* BEIN' *ANIMAL MAN?* I THOUGHT *NOBODY* KNEW.

I MEAN, I RECOGNIZE A COUPLE OF YOU-- *CAVE CARSON*, AMERICA'S NUMERO UNO *GEOLOGIST.*

EVEN *RIP HUNTER*, THE FAMOUS TIME-MASTER--ALTHOUGH I THOUGHT YOU WERE *YOUNGER.*

BUT SOME OF YOU--SORRY IF I OFFEND YA--BUT YOU MEAN *NOTHIN'* TO ME.

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE FOLLOWING

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ME BEING *YOUNGER*, ANIMAL MAN. I AM!

WHICH IS *PART* OF THE REASON YOU'RE ALL HERE.

BUT, FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW ALL OF YOU EITHER.

ONLY *ONE* MAN DOES--

--THE ONE WHO *BROUGHT* US ALL HERE.

BUT HE'S ASKED THAT YOU MEET HIM LATER FOR REASONS WHICH SHALL THEN BECOME *CLEAR*.

YOU DONE, HUNTER? LET ME GET ON WITH IT.

WHEN CAYE'S DONE YOU'LL SEE A *CONNECTION*.

ANIMAL MAN'S RIGHT... I'M A *GEOLOGIST*. AND TO MAKE MY WORK EASIER, I CREATED A LITTLE MACHINE I CALLED *THE MIGHTY MOLE*.

"IT EATS THROUGH ROCK LIKE A FAT MAN THROUGH PIZZA.

"WELL, I WAS DOING SOME SOLO WORK ABOUT THREE YEARS BACK-- WHEN I CAME ACROSS THIS TEMPLE. I GOT A PIC OF IT, SO TAKE A LOOK-SEE.

"IT WAS INTACT, IN PERFECT CONDITION, AND WHEN I EXPLORED IT FURTHER, I FOUND INCREDIBLE STATUARY, JEWELS, GOLD. IN SHORT, *WEALTH* BEYOND IMAGINING."

I SHOULD'A *KNOWN* THERE'D BE A *CATCH*!

"BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED, I WAS TESTIFYING AT A GRAND JURY INVESTIGATION.

"INQUISITION IS MORE LIKE IT."

EXIT

YOU WERE ON GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, MR. CARSON.

I WAS FIFTEEN MILES STRAIGHT DOWN.

FIFTEEN MILES UNDER GOVERNMENT LAND CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET. YOU WERE TRESPASSING, MR. CARSON.

THE TREASURE, THE TEMPLE, AND ALL EVIDENCE TO THE TEMPLE BELONG TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

SO I GAVE 'EM MY MAPS, THE TREASURES, SMUGGLED OUT ONE PHOTO AS A SOUVENIR, AND DID WHAT THE KIDS USED TO DO IN THE 60'S--

I DROPPED OUT!

I'D LIKE TO HOLD MY STORY FOR LAST. MR. DORRANCE, WILL YOU GO NEXT?

"SURE, RIP. NO PROBLEM. I'M DANE DORRANCE, LEADER OF THE SEA DEVILS, AN UNDERWATER EXPLORATION TEAM.

"MY WIFE, JUDY, MY PARTNERS, BIFF AND NICKY, AND I WERE TESTING NEW SCUBA EQUIPMENT IN THE BAHAMAS.

"WHILE SWIMMING, WE FOUND THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT PIRATE FRIGATE. NATURALLY, WE INVESTIGATED.

"WE ALSO SAW A SMALL FIGURE DARTING THROUGH THE SHIP. THAT PERKED OUR INTEREST EVEN MORE.

"WE FOLLOWED.

"WELL, THE SMALL FIGURE DARTED THROUGH THE FRIGATE, AND BEYOND IT WE FOUND A TEMPLE...

"...GOLDEN, MAGNIFICENT. IF YOU'VE SEEN CARSON'S PHOTO, YOU'VE SEEN IT.

"UNFORTUNATELY, OUR TANKS WERE RUNNING OUT OF AIR, SO WE RESURFACED, WHERE..."

DANE DORRANCE... I'M MARLO OF U.S. CUSTOMS. YOU'RE IN U.S. GOVERNMENT RESTRICTED WATERS.

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH US.

BEGINNING TO SOUND *FAMILIAR*, MY FRIENDS?

MR. FLAG, WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL *YOUR* STORY, NEXT?

I'D BE *DELIGHTED* TO, MR. HUNTER.

I'M ALREADY PIECING TOGETHER THE PARTS OF THIS *PUZZLE*.

MY NAME'S RICK FLAG, AND I COMMANDED A *TOP SECRET* GOVERNMENT GROUP WHICH SPECIALIZED IN ASSIGNMENTS CONSIDERED TOO DANGEROUS FOR ANYONE ELSE.

IN A FIT OF *BLACK HUMOR*, WE DUBBED OURSELVES *THE SUICIDE SQUAD*.

"EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO, MY CREW AND I VOLUNTEERED FOR AN IMPOSSIBLE MISSION INTO CAMBODIA.

"IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, WE INFILTRATED THE MOUNTAIN AREA SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE HAD PINPOINTED.

"I WASN'T WRONG.

"A SUICIDE TEAM LEARNS NOT TO DIE FOR THE WRONG REASONS. WE DIDN'T HAVE TO FIGHT THE BEAST SO KARIN GRACE, DOC EVANS, JESS BRIGHT, AND I RAN.

RICK-- I- IT'S SOME SORT OF CREATURE!

"THE GROUND WAS SLICK. WE STUMBLED AND SLIPPED INTO A DEEP CREVASSE...

"...WHERE WE WANDERED LOST UNTIL A BRIGHT GLOW GAVE US HOPE OF AN EXIT.

"BUT WHAT WE FOUND WAS A TEMPLE, ONE SIMILAR TO DR. CARSON'S PHOTOGRAPH."

EVENTUALLY WE FOUND OUR WAY HOME, REPORTED OUR FIND, AND TWO DAYS LATER, *THE SUICIDE SQUAD* WAS DISBANDED.

I'VE SPENT THE LAST MONTHS TRYING TO FIND OUT *WHY*.

NOW I MIGHT *FINALLY* LEARN THE ANSWER.

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

YEAH, IT DOESN'T TAKE AN *EINSTEIN* TO FIGGER OUT SOMETHING'S ROTTENER THAN TWELVE-DAY-OLD *FISH*. ER-- NO OFFENSE INTENDED, DOLPHIN.

HMM. I GUESS IT'S *MY* TURN. GOOD. I HATE BEING *OLD MAID*.

MY NAME'S *BUDDY BAKER*, BUT SOMETIMES I CALL MYSELF *ANIMAL MAN*.

"BECAUSE OF A COMET EXPLODING NEAR ME, WHENEVER I'M NEAR AN ANIMAL, I GAIN ITS ABILITIES.

"BIRDS GOTTA FLY AND FISH GOTTA SWIM, AND I CAN DO IT ALL.

"ANYWAY, I WAS DOING SOME WORK IN THE JUNGLES OF BRAZIL WHEN I RAN ACROSS -- GUESS WHAT'S BIG AND GOLD AND YOU'VE HEARD THIS STORY BEFORE?"

DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT CAME *NEXT*? MY PASSPORT WAS REVOKED.

I DON'T THINK MY *STORY* IS MUCH DIFFERENT.

"THOUGH IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I LED SAFARIS, I'M STILL CALLED CONGO BILL.

"WELL, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS AGO, I JOINED A PHOTO *SAFARI*... SOMETHING FAR MORE SENSIBLE THAN THE *HUNTING TRIPS* I ONCE LED.

"DURING THE EXPEDITION WE WERE *ATTACKED BY BANDITS*.

"I, UHHH, WEAR A SPECIAL RING. WHEN RUBBED, IT PERMITS MY MIND TO TAKE OVER THE BODY OF A GREAT GOLDEN APE KNOWN AS CONGORILLA.

"USING THE APE'S GREAT STRENGTH, I DISPATCHED THE THIEVES WITH EASE...

"... AND THEN WENT OFF TO FIND A PLACE TO EXCHANGE MINDS A SECOND TIME.

"THAT'S WHEN I RAN ACROSS THE TEMPLE WE'VE ALL APPARENTLY STUMBLED UPON."

I'VE LIVED IN AFRICA ALL MY ADULT LIFE, BUT WHEN I REPORTED MY FIND, I, TOO, FOUND MY PASSPORT REVOKED.

DOLPHIN, IS YOUR STORY THE SAME?

N-NO... I DO NOT... THINK SO.

D-DON'T... REMEMBER TOO... MUCH.

BUT DOLPHIN REMEMBER... AWAKENING NEAR... THE TEMPLE. IT WAS... SO BEAUTIFUL, DOLPHIN WANTED... TO LOOK CLOSER.

BEAUTIFUL... BUT IT FELT... FELT SO COLD, IT... FRIGHTENED ME.

"THEN... PEOPLE... FOUR PEOPLE CAME.

"DOLPHIN... WAS... SCARED."

WAS THAT *US*, DOLPHIN? WAS IT THE *SEA DEVILS* YOU SAW?

THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THE FIGURE *WE* SAW.

THINK... SO. DOLPHIN THOUGHT YOU... WERE *ENEMY*.

B-BUT... ENEMY CAME LATER.

MEN... MANY MEN... WITH *WEAPONS*...

"... AND NETS. DOLPHIN... SO... SCARED. VERY SCARED.

"ASKED... SO MANY... QUESTIONS."

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HER. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S *DYING*!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HER TO A *HOSPITAL*.

"DOLPHIN... BECAME SICK. NEEDED... SEA... NEEDED... HOME."

DOLPHIN... NEEDS... WATER NOW.

THERE'S BOTH FRESH WATER AND SEA-WATER *TANKS* IN BACK. USE WHATEVER YOU NEED.

IN THE MEANTIME, I GUESS IT'S *MY* TURN.

TO GET THE *SUSPENSE* OUT OF THE WAY, I SAW THE TEMPLE. WE *ALL* SAW IT.

THAT'S BONNIE AND HER BROTHER, CORKY BAXTER, AS WELL AS JEFF SMITH, OUR ENGINEER AND MECHANIC.

I *REDESIGNED* THE TIME SPHERE TO RETURN TO THE *DAWN* OF TIME...

"...NOT TO THE AGE OF DINOSAURS... WE'D BEEN BACK THERE BEFORE. BUT TO THE MOMENT THAT THE UNIVERSE WAS BORN."

"WHETHER TO SEE THAT PRIMAL *EXPLOSION*, THE HAND OF GOD, OR WHATEVER ELSE MAY HAVE GIVEN LIFE TO EVERYTHING THAT IS.

"THAT WAS THE REASON I HAD DESIGNED THE TIME SPHERE IN THE FIRST PLACE--

"--AND I WAS ANXIOUS FOR THE MOMENT WHEN WE SAW THE TRUTH OF IT ALL--

"--A MOMENT THAT, WHEN WE REPORTED OUR FINDINGS, MIGHT VERY WELL CHANGE THE FUTURE OF EARTH!"

IT SHOULD *SURVIVE* THE STRESS, JEFF.

RIP, THE TIME SPHERE WILL BE RIPPED APART! *THREE YEARS* REWORKING ITS FRAME!

"IT DID. I DON'T THINK WE WERE QUITE SO LUCKY."

"THE JOURNEY BEGAN, AND TIME SLIPPED AROUND US, CENTURIES PEELING AWAY IN INSTANTS.

"I'D MADE OTHER TIME-TRIPS BEFORE, BUT NONE WAS QUITE LIKE THIS ONE.

"I WAS ALMOST POSSESSED BY THE THOUGHT OF ALL BELIEFS, SCIENTIFIC AND RELIGIOUS, BEING SHAKEN TO THE GROUND BECAUSE OF WHAT WE WERE GOING TO SEE.

"WE TRAVELED BACK ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILLION YEARS. DINOSAURS WHICH PERISHED MILLENNIA BEFORE MANKIND FIRST CRAWLED FROM THE SEA, WERE ONLY NOW BEING BORN.

"THEN THE TRUE WONDERMENT BEGAN. A SYMPHONY OF COLOR AND SOUND REVERBERATED FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE TIME STREAM.

"WE SAT DUMB-FOUNDED BY THE BEAUTY OF AGES RUSHING BY US, AN ENDLESS OCEAN SPILLING FORTH ENDLESS WAVES.

"ONE MILLION MORE YEARS VANISHED BEFORE BEING BORN.

"THEN WE SAW SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING THAT STILL MAKES NO SENSE, EVEN IN RETROSPECT.

"I CAN SEE THE LOOKS ON YOUR FACES. YES, IT WAS THE TEMPLE, FLOATING IN THE RAINBOW OF ENERGY WAVES THAT DANCED AROUND US.

"AND IT BEGAN TO EMIT A STRANGE, UNEARTHLY NOISE THAT CLAWED ITS WAY INTO THE BASE OF OUR SKULLS.

"I STRUGGLED AS I FELT UNCONSCIOUSNESS OVERTAKE ME, BUT I FAILED.

"I CAN'T SAY WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. THE FILM IN OUR ON-BOARD CAMERAS WAS DESTROYED.

"I CAN'T EVEN GUESS WHAT OCCURRED. I JUST KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WE AWOKE AND STUMBLED HALF-DAZED FROM THE TIME-SPHERE HATCH.

"WE HAD SOMEHOW BEEN RETURNED TO THE LAB WE STARTED FROM. I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED...

"...BUT THAT WAS STILL NOT THE SHOCK. THAT OCCURRED THE MOMENT WE ACCIDENTALLY GAZED INTO THE LABORATORY MIRROR--

"...AND SAW THAT WE HAD AGED!"

WE HAD LEFT THE PRESENT TIME NO OLDER THAN *THIRTY-FIVE!*

EVEN YOUNG CORKY, ONLY *NINETEEN*, WAS NOW *EIGHTY!*

I SEE *CONNECTIONS*, BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YEAH, AND HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT *ME?*

THERE ARE STILL SO MANY QUESTIONS LEFT *UNANSWERED.*

DON'T WORRY, MR. FLAG. YOU'LL GET YOUR ANSWERS SOON ENOUGH.

IN FACT, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU MET THE MAN WHO *ASKED* US ALL TO COME HERE.

HE MAY BE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP MY FRIENDS AND ME BECOME *YOUNG* AGAIN...

... WHO CAN SOLVE *YOUR* PARTICULAR PROBLEMS--

--AS WELL AS *SAVE* THE WORLD FROM BEING DESTROYED BY ITS *GREATEST* HERO!

HERE'S THE MAN WHO WILL LEAD US INTO A *BATTLE AGAINST SUPERMAN!*

AND HEAVEN HELP THE EARTH IF WE SHOULD *FAIL* AT OUR TASK!

THE OFFICES OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET...

OH, HI, LOIS. YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD!

I'VE BEEN WORKING OUT LATELY. GETTING MYSELF BACK INTO SHAPE.

EVEN DOING A BIT OF WEIGHT-LIFTING.

GOOD IDEA. EXERCISE IS IMPORTANT.

ONE DAY I MIGHT EVEN TRY IT.

WELL, LOIS, GOTTA GO. LOADS OF WORK TO DO. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IDLE HANDS.

UMMM, CLARK, TELL ME, HOW ARE YOU AND, AHEM -- ER, WHAT'S-HER-NAME DOING?

LANA? GOSH, LOIS. I'VE KNOWN LANA ALL MY LIFE, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED WE'D BE ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED.

THESE PAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN, WELL, SUPER.

OH, GOOD. UM, CLARK, CAN I SEE YOUR PAPER? THEY FORGOT TO LEAVE ONE ON MY DESK

I SHOULD HAVE THE FRONT PAGE TODAY. PERRY LOVED MY SKATING RINK EXPOSÉ.

LOIS, I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT THERE WAS THIS TROUBLE UPTOWN, AND--

WHAT? SUPERMAN PUSHED MY STORY OFF THE FRONT PAGE?

THAT MISERABLE SHOW-OFF! IF HE THINKS SAVING METROPOLIS FOR THE THREE-HUNDREDTH TIME IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN--

I...I'M SORRY, CLARK. I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET EXCITED.

SAY, CLARK, I'D REALLY LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU A BIT. ARE YOU FREE FOR DINNER? MY PLACE?

GOSH, I'D LOVE TO, LOIS. BUT I'M HAVING DINNER WITH LANA. MAYBE ANOTHER TIME.

AS CLARK LEAVES TO THE SOUND OF GRINDING TEETH...

...WE SWITCH SCENES TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF ABRAXAS INC., WHERE...

IS EVERYTHING READY?

abraxus

NOTHING MUST GO WRONG.

NOTHING WILL, SIR. EVERYTHING'S BEEN DOUBLE-CHECKED.

EXCELLENT. THEN I MAKE MY FIRST MOVE.

SUPERMAN WILL BE BATTLING A MENACE HE CAN'T POSSIBLY RELATE TO ME--

...BUT THAT MUSCLE-BOUND DOLT AS WELL!

--AND, BY THE TIME I AM DONE, I WILL NOT ONLY *CONTROL* THIS EARTH...

COMMENCE *OPERATION: CREATION!*

METROPOLIS PARK, HANGOUT FOR BASEBALL AND VOLLEYBALL PLAYERS, TEENAGERS IN LOVE, WALKMAN RADIOS, BABY CARRIAGES, DOG WALKERS, AND SO MUCH ELSE...

A LOVELY PLACE TO VISIT...

AT LEAST IT WAS...

SHWOOOOM!

...BUT THINGS HAVE A TENDENCY TO CHANGE WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT.

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

BUT THE SOUNDS OF TERROR DO NOT ESCAPE THE SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS OF THE MAN OF STEEL...

IN AN INSTANT HE APPRISES HIMSELF OF THE SITUATION...

... SHUCKS HIS OUTER CLOTHING...

... AND IS ALREADY SPEEDING ACROSS A DUSKY SKY AS THE EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HERO-- SUPERMAN!

DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD BE SURPRISED.

I'VE COME TO *EXPECT* THE UNEXPECTED.

BUT *THIS* DEFINITELY TAKES THE PROVERBIAL *CAKE!*

MOLTEN LAVA JETTING UP FROM THE EARTH'S CORE--

-- NOTHING A LITTLE *SUPER-BREATH* CAN'T TAKE CARE OF.

BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN *WHY* THIS HAPPENED...

... IN AN AREA WHICH HAS NO HISTORY OF *ACTIVE VOLCANOES!*

WELL, I'VE SAID THIS AT LEAST A *HUNDRED* TIMES BEFORE--

-- THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN!

IF SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG, I'D BETTER GET TO THE *BOTTOM* OF IT...

...*LITERALLY!*

SPLASH

BUT PRYING EYES KEEP STEADY SURVEILLANCE ON THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW...

NOW! ACTIVATE THE *CULTURES!*

SUPERMAN IS ALMOST IN PLACE!

WE NEED A MOMENT *MORE*, SIR.

YOU'VE HAD *MORE* THAN ENOUGH TIME, SCIENTIST.

"THE VERY FIRST TIME SUPERMAN CONFRONTED ME IN ABRAXAS, HE WAS SECRETLY SPRAYED WITH SPECIAL BIOTECHNIC CULTURES, WHICH HAVE BEEN KEPT DORMANT UNTIL NOW.

"I KEPT HIM BUSY FIGHTING SHADOWS, FALSE MENACES, AND RED HERRINGS UNTIL THE CULTURES HAD A CHANCE TO TAKE ROOT!

"BUT ALL IS IN PLACE. THE MACHINERY IS READY TO BE ACTIVATED.

"WE CAN DELAY NO LONGER.

"SO I SAY NOW, SCIENTIST-- ACTIVATE THE CULTURES!"

A QUIET, QUIVERING VOICE AFFIRMS SAVAGE'S ORDERS AS A COMPUTER BUTTON IS PRESSED.

MEANWHILE...

WHAT'S THIS?

I'VE *BORED* BENEATH METROPOLIS MANY TIMES, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN *THAT* BEFORE!

THEN...

MMMMMMMMM

WHAT IN THE WORLD--?

SOMETHING'S GOING --

UCHHHH!

THE SOUND... SHOOTING RIGHT *THROUGH* ME... HURTS--

B-BLAST IT... CAN'T BLOCK IT OUT.

DRIVING ME CRAZY!

THEN THEY BEGAN TO GROW...

MICROSCOPIC SPORES WHICH HAVE BEEN GESTATING FOR MONTHS SUDDENLY BLOSSOM...

... INSTANTLY GROWING INTO PLANT LIFE NOT FOUND ON EARTH FOR MORE THAN FIVE MILLION YEARS.

PLANT LIFE WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE CONTROLLED BY VANDAL SAVAGE FROM SEVERAL MILES AWAY.

BUT...

I LET IT BRING ME TO THE *SURFACE*... AND THAT'S AS FAR AS IT'S TAKING ME.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *CAUSING* THIS, BUT I DON'T FOR A *SECOND* BELIEVE IT'S *NATURAL*.

THE PLANTS SEEMED TO GROW FROM *ME*, AND THOUGH I'M NOT STRICTLY HUMAN--

--I'M *DEFINITELY* NOT VEGETABLE.

...BUT THIS ISN'T HIS STYLE.

HOW DID HE RECREATE THAT *PREHISTORIC PLANT LIFE*?

AND MORE IMPORTANTLY-- *WHY WOULD HE BOTHER*?

BUT IF IT'S *NOT* BRAINIAC-- WHO ELSE?

WHAT?! CAN'T FLY UP! THERE'S SOME SORT OF *FORCE-SHIELD* IN PLACE.

BRAINIAC! HE COULD BE BEHIND THIS...

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

WELL, I'LL WORRY ABOUT THE *WHO* AFTER I SMASH MY WAY *OUT*--

--IF I CAN!

JIMMY-- LOOK!

SUPERMAN *CAN'T* BREAK THROUGH!

I CAN *SEE* THAT FOR MYSELF, LOIS.

BUT WHAT I DON'T LIKE EVEN *MORE* THAN MY PAL'S HELPLESSNESS--

--IS THE FACT THAT THE *PREHISTORIC JUNGLE* AND THAT *PROTECTIVE BARRIER* SEEM TO BE *EXPANDING!*

IF THEY KEEP *MOVING OUT*, SOON THEY'LL *TAKE OVER ALL OF METROPOLIS!*

MEANWHILE...

I'M PLEASED THAT YOU ALL COULD MAKE IT.

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. MY *FORMAL* NAME NO LONGER HAS ANY MEANING--

--BUT YOU CAN CALL ME *IMMORTAL MAN!*

I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE, IN YOUR OWN RIGHT, YOU HAVE ALL BEEN *HEROES.*

YOU ARE NEEDED TO BATTLE A DANGER THAT EVEN *NOW* IS *STRIKING* THE CITY OF *METROPOLIS.*

METROPOLIS? THAT'S *SUPERMAN'S* TURF. WHAT ARE WE NEEDED FOR?

MR. FLAG, SUPERMAN IS THE *CAUSE* OF THE DISASTER STRIKING METROPOLIS.

INDEED, THE ONLY WAY WE CAN *DEFEAT* THE MENACE IS TO *KILL* EARTH'S GREATEST HERO!

TO BE CONTINUED!

ON SALE DEC. 29TH. IT'S A DATE!